

TOUCHÉ



1947

TOUCHÉ

Published by the Senior Class

State Teachers College

at

North Adams, Massachusetts



1947

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Dedication

To the teachers of America, whose will to teach has helped them each morning to return to their classrooms in spite of overhanging storm clouds whose thunder brings strikes.

President's Message

TO THE CLASS OF 1947:

YOUR COLLEGE days are over, but your education will go on to the end of your lives. You go from a protected life where experiences have been planned for you to the world of reality where the controls are to be in your own hands. The college has tried to give you the knowledge, the appreciations of values and the ideals upon which you can build a worthwhile life.

May you keep the delicate balance between healthy individualism and co-operative living with other individuals who are as important as you are yourselves. Upon this your happiness will depend.

To each one of you the College and I express our appreciation and gratefulness for what you have given the college.

May you be successful, not only in your chosen career, but in what is still more important, the achievement of a life worth while.

Very sincerely,

Grover C. Bowman,
President



MR. BOWMAN

Faculty



Dr. Grover C. Bowman
Dr. Hazel B. Mileham
Dr. Harry S. Broudy
Mary Underhill
Wallace H. Venable
Andrew S. Flagg
Edmund K. Luddy
Elizabeth Jenkins

Elizabeth Weston
Lillian Boyden
Charlotte Pardee
Bertha Allyn
William Malone
Dorothy Hogarth
Cora Vining
Emma Parker



Training Faculty



Hazel B. Mileham, *Principal*

Viola Cooper
Martha E. Durnin
Helen Newell

Loretta J. Loftus
Helen E. Mallery
Claire Cavanaugh

Yearbook Staff



Editor-in-Chief—Lucille Light

Assistant Editor-in-Chief—Rolland Jones

Junior Editor
Albena Waidlich

Freshman Editor
Joy Dorfman

Advertising
Patricia Bates

Sophomore Editor
Anne Schlosstein

Art
Ruth Walsh

Photography
Eleanor Berger

Acknowledgement

WE WISH to express our sincerest appreciation to those people who worked so heartily to make our Year Book a success. In particular our thanks are due to a few efficient and energetic underclassmen and to Miss Underhill.

We also wish to thank patient Mr. Roberts of the Excelsior Printing Company, the North Adams Camera Club and those whose advertisements appear on the following pages.

Seniors



PATRICIA ANN BATES

*"A daughter of the Gods
Divinely tall and most divinely fair."*

Class Secretary-Treasurer 3
Student Council 3, 4
Commuters' Council 2, 3, 4
President 3, 4
W.A.A. 1, 2, 3, 4
Secretary 2
Executive Board 2
Glee Club 1, 2
Secretary 2
Current Events Club 1
Yearbook 4
Advertising

Vivaciously unpredictable — has intermittent flashes of understanding and stubbornness which make her ever changing.

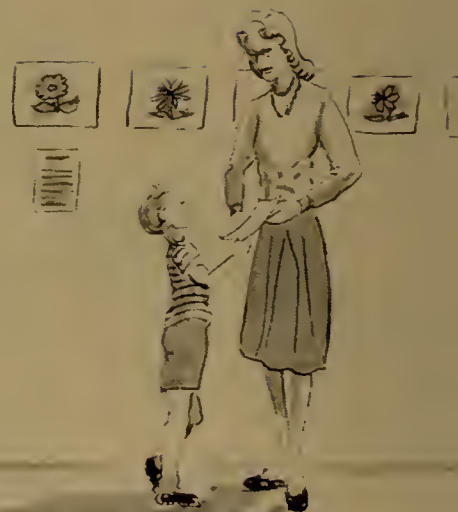




ELEANOR A. BERGER

*"Ever generous in deed
And thoughtful to others"*

Student Council 2
 Class President 2
 Class Treasurer 4
 Current Events Club 1, 2, 3, 4
 Vice-President 2, 3
 President 4
 Commuters' Council 1, 2, 3, 4
 Vice-President 3
 W.A.A 1, 2
 Glee Club 1, 2
 Drama Club 1
 President's List 3
 Yearbook 4
 Photography
Taconic Columns 4
 Kindly sincere in gesture, exceedingly
 loyal and dependable.





IRIS CAVAZZA

*"I make the most of all that comes,
And the least of all that goes."*

Glee Club 2, 3
Current Events 2, 3, 4
Newman Club 2, 3, 4
Drama Club 4
Taconic Columns 3, 4
Yearbook 4
History
W.A.A. 2, 4



First glimpse implies woman of the world—
second reveals depth of character glossed
efficiently in disguise.



NANCY BALLOU ESTABROOKS

"The Controlling Intelligence understands its own nature, and what it does, and where on it works."

- Class President 3, 4
- Student Council 3, 4
- House Council Representative 4
- Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4
- Secretary-Treasurer 2
- Art Club 2, 3
- Treasurer 2, 3
- W.A.A. 1, 2, 4
- Executive Board 2
- Ensemble 1, 2, 3
- Commuters' Club 1
- Drama Club 1
- Frank F. Murdock Honor Society 2, 3, 4
- Secretary-Treasurer 2, 3
- President 3, 4
- Who's Who Among Students 4
- Delegate to N. Y. Teacher's Conference 4
- Taconic Columns 3, 4
- President's List 1, 2, 3, 4
- Yearbook 4
- Ivy Poem

Passive nature flowing intellectually through college years, ambition spurs her on to great heights of achievement.





LUCILLE BROWN LIGHT

"The true, strong, and sound mind is the mind that embraces equally great things and small."

Yearbook Editor-in-Chief 4

Ivy Orator

Class President 1

Class Secretary 4

Student Council 1, 2

Class Representative 2

Drama Club 1, 2, 3, 4

President 4

Physician in Spite of Himself 3

W.A.A. 1, 2, 3, 4

Commuters' Club 1, 2, 3, 4

Current Events Club 1

Taconic Columns 3, 4

President's List 3, 4



A definite knowledge of what she desires from life, and the determination necessary to obtain it.



MILDRED DOLORES MORAN

"We are not here to get all we can out of life for ourselves, but to try to make the lives of others happier."

Class Treasurer 1
Class Vice-President 3
President Pro-Tempore of Freshman Class 3
Commuters' Council 1, 2, 3, 4
 Treasurer 1
 Vice-President 2
W.A.A. 1, 2, 3, 4
 Vice-President 3
 Executive Board 3
Newman Club 1, 2, 3, 4
Drama Club 1
Glee Club 2
President's List 3
Yearbook 4
 Quotations

Positive personality showering us with gifts of friendship — trouble councilor — lends her ever helping hand.





BEVERLY RUTH NICHOLS

*"Those true eyes,
Too pure and too honest to disguise."*

W.A.A. 4
Yearbook 4
Advertising

Life's cares are negligible when met by her
sparkling brown eyes and her nonchalance.





MARJORIE GRACE STOCKWELL

*"There's nothing worth the wear of winning
But laughter and the love of friends."*

Class Secretary 2
 Commuters' Council 1, 2, 3, 4
 Patrol Leader 3
 W.A.A. 1, 2, 3, 4
 Executive Board 3, 4
 Current Events Club 1, 2, 3
Physician in Spite of Himself 3
 President's List 2
 Yearbook 4
 Class History

Laughingly shuns cares — real life Goldi-
 locks — rescues Dr. Broudy from the sleepy
 nods of philosophy class.





ELEANOR MARY THIBODEAU

"She is not careless in deeds, nor confused in words, nor rambling in thought."

Student Council 3
 Central Treasurer 3
 House Council Representative 2, 3
 Student Publicity 3, 4
 Assistant Manager 3
 Manager 4
 W.A.A. 1, 2, 3, 4
 Secretary 2
 President 4
 Executive Board 1, 2, 4
 Fitchburg Conference 4
 Newman Club 1, 2, 3, 4
 Secretary-Treasurer 3
 Drama Club 2
 Brief Music 2
 Physician in Spite of Himself 3
 Glee Club 1
 Who's Who Among Students 4
 Taconic Columns 4
 President's List 2, 3, 4
 Yearbook 4
 Business Manager

Public
 School N
 3



Meticulously integrated, self-disciplined, responsible.



RUTH CHICOINE WALSH

*"When she gives, it is without assumption;
when she receives it is with dignity and honour."*

Drama Club 4
Yearbook 4
Art Department
Taconic Columns 4

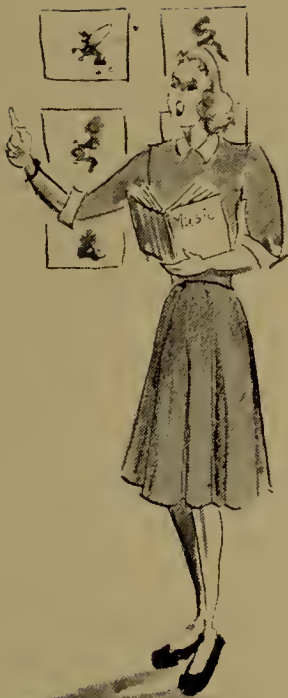
Pleasingly unselfish, ever gracious, always
carefree, devoted wife.





MARY MARGARET ZIMBOSKI

"In the life of a young woman the most essential thing for happiness is the gift of friendship."



Class Treasurer 2, 3
 Class Vice-President 4
 Student Council 1, 4
 Class Representative 1
 House Council 3, 4
 Vice-President 3
 President 4
 Newman Club 1, 2, 3, 4
 Treasurer 2
 Vice-President 4
 W.A.A. 1, 2, 3, 4
 Treasurer 1
 Vice-President 2
 Drama Club 2, 4
 The Male Animal
 Glee Club 1
 Art Club 3
 Chairman of Red Cross Unit 3
 Yearbook 4
 Quotations

From bud to blooming rose — dynamically personable, inevitably gay and optimistic.

Former Class Members

Sarah Heywood Barrows

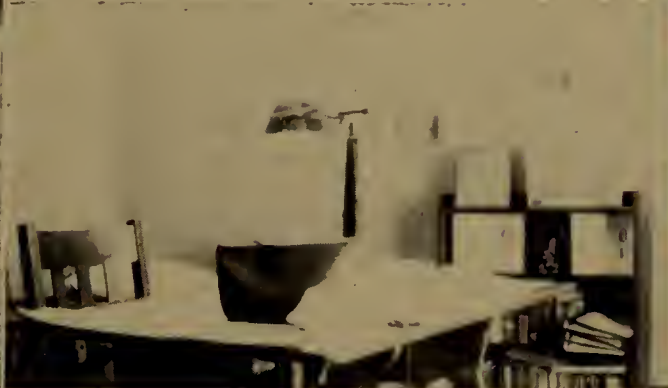
Marcelle Bonvouloir

Marjorie Blanchard Borowski

Evelyn Burdick

Edith Cookish

Shirley Frenier



Class Song

(Tune: Russian Hymn)

HAIL Alma Mater, N.A.S.T.C.
Here's to North Adams, our praise we give to thee;
Now we will graduate, seeking a new fate,
Strong and determined to strive ever more.

For ever glorious, always victorious,
Never forgetting the love we hold for thee,
Though we'll be miles apart, holding within our hearts
Memories of friendship and S.T.C.

The Class

The Ivy Poem

WE LOOK today not only to the past
To fathom the depth and breadth of what we are,
But forward gaze to what is yet to come,
To what seems now so near and yet so far;
And may this future glimpse of moment be
To guide us as we march on fearlessly.

But before we turn away from this our home
To walk along the paths where cares abound,
A living witness here we leave behind,
This ivy plant we place upon the ground,
As symbol of both our past and future years,
Our heartaches, joys;—of all our hopes and fears.

In rich and fertile soil we plant your roots
Beside the shelter of these classic halls.
We hope for you a fruitful boundless life,
Living through tender springs and fearless falls.
Be yours to climb and strive on up above
To inspire in all a lasting faith and love.

Then we'll return and seeing you on high
Will find in you the record of our life.
We'll see ourselves reflected in your soul,
With all we've ever known of peace and strife.
Whatever in time you may find your life to be
Leave a bit of it to inspire eternity.

Nancy B. Estabrooks

Ivy Oration

SYMBOLIZING commencement of its planters into the hardened world the ivy plant of verdant green has each year in June been placed into the dark soil amidst prayers by the graduating class that it would grow into a strong, hardy vine. Through the following summer and the next the life of the ivy is determined. If nature provides abundant rain and sunshine it climbs upward; if not the plant remains static, its leaves tumbling lifelessly to the earth. Perhaps a symbolical line may be drawn paralleling the growth or failure of the ivy to the growth or failure of our class. However, how can a plant adequately provide symbolization for eleven individuals, each of whom possesses different talents, capacities and aspirations? Let us instead consider the planting of the ivy as that last excursion we shall make as undergraduates into active school participation. Together we shall place the plant into the earth and then leave the infant perhaps to grow, perhaps to die.

Four years passing have left us with varied memories of combined efforts toward labor and play. Always we have united to succeed in our ventures. Perhaps we can breathe life into our ivy if it faces storm and cold,—breathe life into the ivy as we have aided each other during the time of fear and disappointment. Through Freshman year we strove together to proudly attain the title of Sopho-

mores. Then together we became practice teachers oscillating between heights of success and depths of despair. Now together on this day we are preparing to make farewells to the school, but not farewell to our cohesiveness. Years will contribute to the growth of our plant, but they will never remove from our memory thoughts of college days together.

What of the Class as individuals? Implanted in our memory will be the outstanding personal characteristics of each which have been unselfishly shared between us. Without the laughter and gaiety of some, without the seriousness and foresight of some, without the turbulence and restlessness of others we would not so successfully be waiting on graduation day for the climax of four years of enlightenment, pleasure—and disillusionment.

We are now prepared to enter independently into the world, to face with strength problems of life. Never, as a result of our education and of our opportunities of cohesive toil, will life present to us unsurmountable problems. Our education has been for living, our living has been an education and now our life will be education, not merely class room but universal, as we accept the positions offered wherever we may go or in what ever field we may enter.

Lucille Brown Light

Class History

ONCE upon a time there were thirteen little princesses who came from all over Berkshire County. They came from near and far—mostly near—to a palace on the edge of a sleepy little town of that County.

The duty of these princesses was to obtain knowledge so that they might be worthy of the most noble calling in life which they would reach by passing through four gradual stages.

During this period many strange and fantastic adventures were to befall the innocent young princesses. From the moment they entered the palace gates the spell was cast on them by the sixteen fates who were to rule their lives through the next four years.

The first thing that came to pass was that the princesses who had passed through the first stage disguised themselves for a week so they no longer were beautiful princesses but became like witches. The next test bestowed by the head fate, who emphasized that this test would be given every year, was the climbing of a steep precipice known as the Mount of Greylock. With great hardship this trial was surmounted with valiant courage.

It was a tradition in the palace that on the eve of October 31st. the novices could try to force their superiors to submit to their will. The success of this adventure gave the princesses courage to go on to greater trials—but not all trials, for the spell of the fates was lifted for one exciting evening when they were allowed to join in the gaiety of Christmastide.

Back under the spell of the fates once more, the princesses came through a most enervating experience—that of examinations. After that great victory they were allowed to dress in the most royal finery and be escorted to a dance by young princes in the uniform of their country.

The first stage was brought to a conclusion by a second period of examinations. The most courageous were to start a second stage in the following fall.

On the eve of All Souls' Day, our heroines were tortured and racked by the new arrivals, who were revenging the strategy used by the maidens when they initiated the pea-greens. The thirteen princesses continued their second year by courageously climbing the Mount of Greylock, as they merrily observed the innocent freshmen wrestling with the unknown mountain. Being a year older and a year wiser, the young maidens decided to demonstrate their initiative by conducting a fabulous Ball. Invitations were sent to the most eligible princes in a neighboring village called Billville, but the giant ruling the princes locked them

in the dark dungeon of Williams College and only thirteen couples attended the Ball.

When the exhausted heroines had recovered sufficiently from the increasingly difficult examination period, they were blindfolded and led to a second castle more dingy than the first, where they were to begin their work in the most noble cause by observing the habits and characteristics of tiny gremlins. The princesses say nothing of the examination period following this, except that they passed into the third stage. Some of the thirteen left to build castles of their own, leaving only nine princesses. The rest realized that now they were irrevocably caught in the web spun by the sixteen fates.

Some of the fates had decided that the maidens should commence their third stage by working at the other castle. The news coming from the minstrels like a bolt of lightning nearly caused them to return to the loving protection of their homes. But the courage that carried them through the first two stages did not waver now, and the princesses plunged into the thankless task of leading millions of little gremlins along the road of light through learning. They showed the gremlins how to sing, draw, read, and write, their main success being the definite ability shown in memorizing twenty-five names and faces. Infrequent trips to the upper castle were made to give the Freshman Reception, the Junior Prom, and the memorable Stunt Night Program, at which the fates laughingly applauded "The Princess Who Wouldn't Laugh." Proud of this success, the princesses were fortified enough to begin the final stage of their work.

Too busy with extra-curricular activities, the now mighty senior princesses discounted the assignments given by the fates as only minor detail. The scope of their plan involved a psychological drama in honor of the incoming Freshmen, marriages, training castles, more marriages, and senior proms, banquets, Year Book deadlines and graduation.

Now from the four stages of the spell cast by the fates, the princesses suddenly were awakened on one Sunday night as they climbed the step and received the recognition of their endurance and labor. The spell had been broken and they are now off to find their way in the world—in the most noble calling,—or otherwise.

Moral: Beauties sleeping for four years wake up to find their hair in pin curls.

Marjorie Stockwell
Iris Cavazza

Class Will

IN AUDITING the Estate of the Class of 1947 we find that to our surprise the Assets have slightly increased during those four long years so that we, too, can join in that parade of tradition and formally make this our last Will and Testament.

Being a class known for its togetherness in typically senior style, we cooperatively bequeath those qualities, characteristics, and tendencies in the form of a Model Student for the benefit, guidance, and Inspiration of future generations. For the model —

I, Pat Bates leave that Grecian Goddess Form which shall inevitably call forth that "Who is she?" look (in the most favorable sense, of course).

I, Lucille Brown Light, donate a Mind or an I.Q. that can solve Mr. Venable's most difficult problems.

I, Nancy Estabrooks, leave that valuable quality of Executive Ability.

I, Eleanor Thibodeau, leave Efficiency which will enable our model to prepare lessons with maximum expediency and so leave time so as to not make Jill a dull girl.

I, Midge Stockwell, to lift the load of college duties and routine, leave Laughter that not only comes from within but is as contagious as the measles.

I, Margaret Zimboski, leave skill in Athletics and ambidexterity so that things can be handled in more than one way.

I, Ruth Chicoine Walsh, leave Artistic Ability so that the model shall not have to wait until the Junior year to discover Plato's ideal beauty.

I, Iris Cavazza, donate Sophistication that is not too lofty to appreciate and enjoy jazz.

I, Midge Moran, leave my Love of the Irish and the wearing of the Green as a symbol of life and growth.

I, Eleanor Berger, leave a desire to know what is happening in the Outside World.

I, Beverly Nichols, leave my profound knowledge of Washington, D. C., and of Williams College students. This model will go places.

Thinking that we are fairly sound in Mind and Body, in testimony whereof we hereunto set our hand and seal to this document on the 8th day of June, 1947, A.D.

Class of 1947

Junior Class



President—Rolland Jones

Vice-President—Albena Waidlich

Secretary—Marilyn Eastman

Treasurer—Viola Harris

ONE CRISP September morning the thirteen members of the Class of 1948 awoke from the deep slumber of summer vacation. Donning their best Goldilocks outfits, they set out for a walk. Tramping through hill and vale they soon became exhausted and peered about anxiously for shelter. And then they saw it. With eager hearts they rushed to fling themselves under the protecting influence of the College on the Hill.

As they wandered through its corridors, they came upon the first bowl full of methods courses. In a twinkling, they devoured the techniques and theories of teaching music, art, and the language arts. The search for the second bowl led them to the Mark Hopkins Training School. Here they found dozens of eager representatives of future America clamoring for knowledge. Like seasoned troopers, the thirteen Goldilocks attacked the situation and showed the glorious effects of the first bowl. Returning to the College Hall, the third bowl was there waiting for them. Again the undauntables delved into the classics and showed their remarkable talents so that when Papa Bear returned disguised as Exams, Goldilocks knew how to cope with them.

Moral: Too many bowls of soup spoil the cook.

Sophomore Class



President—Carol Molloy

Vice-President—Marie Lamarre

Secretary—Alice Bosma

Treasurer—Roland Gagnier

HALF WAY up the bean-stalk—almost—that's the Sophomore class. The cow wouldn't give milk almost a year ago and we couldn't pay the rent, so off we went and planted the beanstalk of learning by registering at the North Adams State Teachers College. This year, we mashed the lowly Freshmen who were just starting the long way up, but boy did they get back at us on Hallowe'en! Ouch! Our dignity is sore! We've learned a little about Geography, Psychology, Government, Art, Music — you name it; we took it!! They tell us that before we come to the top we'll think we know just about everything. However, it's a nasty rumour that there is a giant called Ignorance who possesses hordes of golden Knowledge which no climbers can possibly stuff in the pockets of their mind. Everytime anyone gets any knowledge, his pet rooster crows and it isn't Information Please.

We stopped climbing a few times, reaching our psychological plateau, and first threw a dance. It landed back in our laps, what with grand larceny charges feared because of the lack of necessary funds. After that success, we climbed and climbed until staleness set in. Then we scribbled for three hours at a time on little blue books. Marks came and we went. Almost lost our foothold, but we ruminated,—“It is better to have loafed and lost then not to have loafed at all.”

One beautiful day we saw two men, M-E-N that is, scurrying up the stalk to actually join our group. The gals are still safe though, what with the ratio of 13-3.

If we continue to live, “slightly sick and very unhappy,” you'll know we're still climbing on and on.

Moral: If the cow won't give milk send him to State Teachers College to get educated.

Freshman Class



President—Joseph Joseph

Vice-President—Francis Miller

Secretary-Treasurer—John Murray

IN THE LAND of Lilliputia there was excitement. Man, a huge freak who had been tied down on exhibition, had escaped from his imprisonment. He had taken with him almost 125 mites. The excitement was over the increased production of tears which threatened to drown out the inhabitants if they didn't stop bewailing the lost Lilliputions. These little people were carried up and over the high mountains and more than half were placed at North Adams State Teachers College to be educated. They were dressed in odd costumes for initiation, made to climb mountains, and taught to catch bats. On the side they learned to read and study, square dance and ski. Before the new year, they were tested to see what they had learned—(not much). The rest of their tribe joined them in February. They covered their fear and resentment of the superior human beings that surrounded them by talk, talk, and more talk. They banded together occasionally, rebelling, hitting each other with baseball bats.

Strangely enough, they grew to like the human beings, standing a little in awe of the term "Education". Sadly they thought of Lilliputia, to which they could never return, but there were 3 new transformations before they could become members of the human race.

Moral: If you're unable as a Lilliputian use lifts in your shoes.

Current Events Club



President—Eleanor Berger

Vice-President—Arthur Bartlett

Secretary-Treasurer—Jean Woodward

PANDORA WAS NEVER LIKE THIS

LONG, LONG AGO,—at least by October 1946—, nestled in the Berkshires there existed an institution known as the North Adams State Teachers College. Perhaps it was the isolated position of the college that made it what it was—a very strange place. Since some facts bear repetition, let me reiterate,—it was indeed a strange place. It lacked the vigor of Yale and the cosmopolitan air of Wellesley. The students were egotistic, submissive and docile as Bessy the Cow.

To remedy this situation it must have been Athena, the Goddess of Wisdom, who came to the rescue. One day, very mysteriously, there appeared in the hall a large, queer-looking Box. As you might expect the Box at first went unnoticed, but as the days passed at last there gradually developed among the students an attitude of curiosity.

Finally, a group of the most curiosity-consumed students with their Advisory Illuminator, Mr. Luddy, decided to open the Box, after having properly consulted the Consultant Central, Student Council, and the College Doctor. For additional preparation Dr. Broudy had kindly given Simplified but rather Difficult lessons on Logic and Miss Weston had chosen her five best Warming Up Exercises. With such elaborate preparation the lid of the Box was flung open Wide, and out flew Strange Creatures which the students captured and thereafter carefully examined Monday evenings at 6:30 in Mr. Luddy's room.

At the first meeting a group of these Creatures, properly classified as Science, Art, Music, Foreign and Domestic Summer News, although passé in some respects, still had great significance. Then developed such meetings as a review of books on Russia, discussions on the U.N.O., labor U. S. Management, The Atomic Bomb, Broadway Plays, Indo-China, and the Palestine Question.

Meetings such as these called for reading daily newspapers, periodicals and books. The rest of the students were encouraged to join this search for Truth through the speakers such as Professor Kohn and Miss Curtis, who spoke on happenings in Europe.

Are you interested in knowing what became of the Box that brought curiosity to North Adams State Teachers College? For a while it used to carry life out of the college — The "Life" magazines that the Red Cross collects!

Moral—Where there is curiosity there is life—or not only Wheaties come and go out of Boxes!

Commuters' Club



President—Patricia Bates

Vice-President—Marie Lamarre

Patrol Leader—Faith Chicoine

Secretary-Treasurer—Viola Harris

COMMUTERS' CLUB—MEN

President—Bill Gazzaniga

Vice-President—Dick Desjarlais

Secretary—Jo Joseph

ONCE UPON A TIME not many years ago there was a Forbidden Room nestled in the corner of a large castle. The sign on the door said, "Do not enter"—for only strong, able Men were allowed to venture beyond its doors. One day the Fairy Godmother tapped the door with her magic wand, and all the weak, fragile Women were allowed to peer into the Mysteries of the Room.

Soon many changes were made in the Den. Light appeared, and the sound of Cheerful Voices was heard. In a few years the buzz of activity was everywhere. A Victrola was brought in to fill the air with Music. Girls were everywhere, dressed in bright plaid skirts and bright sweaters—except for one group that was forced to spend much of its time in the Dark, Cold World beyond their Adopted Home.

At noon Smoke filled the Air. It might have been the shiny new electric plate, but the Fairy Godmother knew different. One gloomy day the Witch appeared among the happy group. She told them that they would no longer be allowed to keep their Homelike Hideout if it was not kept clean. So the girls Formed Committees to help keep things in order.

One day, as one of the sisters roamed from the Den, she heard Strange Voices not far away, and to her surprise she discovered that the Strange Creatures were called Men: They too had built themselves a Hideout, and were having just as good a time. As a token of Friendship some of the sisters took their ping-pong table to the men. From that day on they Played Happily together, but neither was allowed to enter through the doors of the Other's Den. When anyone tried to venture in, the Fairy Godmother tapped her wand, and the doors were closed.

Moral: "A man in the commuters' room is worth two in the corridor."

Drama Club



President—Lucille Light

Vice-President—Carol Molloy

Secretary-Treasurer—Steve Boisvert

ONCE UPON A TIME there was a family of little foxes who lived with their mamma high on top of a windy hill. Their family name was Dramaclub. The Dramaclub family liked nothing better than sweet grapes. They looked around for a long time before they finally found some grapes, (The Male Animal) which they liked very much. They asked the owner of the grapes, (James Thurber), if they could sample them. He said that they could have some seed and grow some of the same kind if they worked hard enough. The Dramaclub was a very industrious family. They carefully planted and cared for the plant until it grew into a beautiful vine. The family transplanted the vine to a large garden (Drury High School) and invited everybody to come and share with them its abundant fruit. People came and found the fruit to be the best they had ever tasted.

Moral: Not all grapes are sour.

Glee Club



President—Marilyn Eastman

Vice-President—Helen Taskin

Librarian—Viola Harris

Secretary-Treasurer—Love Beeler

ONCE UPON an autumn day at the well known educational academy, better known as the State Teachers College at North Adams, the members of the Glee Club became Jacks and started to build their House. They worked with the tools at their command, which were sopranos, altos, tenors, and basses.

Under the close leadership of their director, Miss Boyden, the Jacks worked with precision and faithfulness. They worked on their House four times a week, but never did they complain about the amount of work to be done. They found that their process of building gave them a lot of fun, as well as worthwhile expression.

Finally one day in the middle of April, after much toiling, the Jacks were ready to unveil their house to the public. The House, which was really the Glee Club Concert, was a great success. People from miles around came to admire its beauty. They were stunned at such an exhibition of talent as shown by these Jacks. Hidden abilities were brought out, for some were accompanists, others directors, and still others soloists.

In the great House these Jacks built there were not the Cat, the Dog, the Farmer or the Cock, but instead there was a wide variety of songs which were familiar to everyone. The favorite Jerome Kern number, "Smoke Gets In Yours Eyes", made a great hit. Also to be listed were Johann Strauss, "The Beautiful Blue Danube", Minnelied (an Old Love Song) Oley Speaks "Sylvia", "Symphony", and "People Will Say We're In Love" from the stage play "Oklahoma."

Moral: Seek and ye shall find the tools to build with.

House Council



President—Margaret Zimboski

Vice-President—Marilyn Eastman

Secretary-Treasurer—Gertrude Peck

Senior Representative—Nancy Estabrooks

Junior Representative—Marilyn Eastman

Sophomore Representative—Mary Martin

Freshman Representatives

Joy Dorfman, Shirley Newell, Jean Starrett

DORMITORY

TACONIC HALL welcomed seventeen new Cinderellas, modifying the story a little by having an understanding step-mother and ten charming step-sisters to boot. The old legend is "Touché" (our heads are off to you, Mr. Thurber) in that the solid strutters changed scarcely a bit at 12:00 when Mother Parker called them in. It shows to go you that the difference between Night and Day at N.A.S.T.C. is a well turned heel.

Weeknights, while big sisters study, the little Cindys sing Xmas carols, catch Bats, demerits, and Dante's "Inferno", getting educated the hard way. Weekends brought socials in the main ballroom of the female proletariat instead of the male royalty minus the aid of a fairy Godmother — we're too tall to believe in that stuff!

Take an average day in the life of our frivolous babes in the mountains. The "Femme Fatales" leave strict orders to be awakened around 10 A.M. so that they'll sleep through only two rather than four classes in the morning. Eventually lunch comes along where they sit and rave about the luscious food, finding it rather awkward to leave the left arm upright. Afternoon tears them away from their hillside rut to downtown. Here 'tis! Hour after hour they sit discussing men, clothes, and men; or for variety in life they go to the Paramount, fifth row, instead of the Mohawk, first row, and switch from vanilla to coffee cokes when Marie takes their order.

Quiet hours bring occasional Boredom. Boredom opens textbooks, but only occasionally. Fischlein's in pajamas quenches the thirst for refreshment, while telephone calls in general assembly quench the thirst for you know darn well what! !

Moral: If your Prince Charming; the lug! doesn't fit the slippers, you can always be a school marm.

College Red Cross Unit



Chairman—Phyllis Andrews

Secretary—Pearl Landstrom

ONCE UPON A TIME at least six months ago little Red Riding Hood started out to her grandmother's house. The wolf did not stop her this time because he knew that the work that she had to do was very important.

When she arrived she discovered a lively group of young people like herself. Her grandmother told her that these were her sisters and wanted to sip a little knowledge of the world of the Red Cross.

Red Riding Hood sat down to work and told her friends about the wonderful things they could do to help the unfortunate people of the world. The group listened proudly to their sister and then tried to do some of the things that she suggested.

First of all they gathered copies of the magazine called *Life* to send to soldiers who had been wounded in the great war. They also worked as registration helpers for the Gideon Society.

One day when Red Riding Hood came to grandmother's she found the group neatly dressed in white caps and aprons. She looked surprised for a moment and then realized what her friends were planning to do. She left the house for a little while but soon returned with a friend she called Miss Zilling. Miss Zilling showed Red Riding Hood's friend how to take care of ill or injured patients. One of the girls played the part of the patient while the others made her bed, washed her, fed her, and bandaged her imaginary wound. This work proved to be much fun for the girls as well as teaching them a great deal. The girls decided to call themselves Home Nurses and had a marvelous time practicing their work on each other. One day Red Riding Hood even let them use her as their patient.

As time progressed there was a meeting held for all sisters working in this great movement. Two of them journeyed to a city called Springfield to attend a conference. The girls had a splendid time with their new found friends. They came back very excited and told Red Riding Hood all about it.

After this Red Riding Hood left the group, for she had many other young people in the world who wanted her help. The sisters thanked her and promised to continue their work, for they had found new joy through becoming Red Cross members.

Moral: If you get a cut use a band-aide.

Student Council



President—Janice Gleason

Vice-President—Carol Molloy

Central Treasurer—Albert Chenail

Secretary-Treasurer—Margaret Neyland

Senior Representative—Nancy Estabrooks

Junior Representative—Rolland Jones

Sophomore Representative—Carol Molloy

Freshman Representative—Joseph Joseph

Commuters' Representative—Patricia Bates

Commuters' Representative—William Gazzaniga

House Council—Margaret Zimboski

ONCE UPON A TIME there was a state institution on a hill. In the spring of the year the inmates were called together by their leader to choose the officers for the next term. They duly elected a president to call and adjourn meetings, a secretary to record their doings, and a treasurer to watch over the funds. The presidents of various wards were also given a place on the Council, and Burton,* the state seal, was chosen for a mascot.

In the fall it was decided to greet the new inmates, freshmen from the Outside World, with a fish fry. This was the first offishal act of the Council and went off quite well.

Because of the High Cost of Living, Inside and Out, the Council asked that the dues be raised. To coin a phrase, it was a hard fight, but we won.

As the Yuletide season approached, Burton, dressed as a Christmas Seal, flipped out invitations to the annual dinner. Both inmates and guards enjoyed the banquet and entertainment.

As the year wore on (his nerves), Burton decided to visit his cousin, the Great Seal of the United States, in Washington. Since no one was allowed Out Alone, because of Possible Consequences, several members accompanied him as far as New York, where they attended a conference of similar institutions.

To amuse themselves while Burton was gone, the inmates gathered in little groups and presented stunts suggested by the abnormal life of the Outside World. And to replace those who must soon return to this O. W., the inmates welcomed those who qualified to a week end of Enlightenment and Culture.

As the year ended, Burton was re-elected to his second year as mascot and was so pleased that he made a long speech in Pedagoguese and clapped his flippers in applesauce.

Moral: You don't have to have an I. Q. of 70 to come to STC, but it helps.

*Burton is not a symbol; he is a seal.

W. A. A.



President—Eleanor Thibodeau

Vice-President—Alice Bosma

Secretary-Treasurer—Gertrude Peck

Alice relived her journey through Wonderland on that warm September day while she lounged comfortably on the porch swing. Suddenly like a flash of lightning she found herself in a strange new world. Looming before her in all its majesty was State Teachers College. Standing before its glory she seemed to be growing smaller, so selecting an advantageous position where she might view this wondrous sight she watched the panorama of life about her. First there were girls dressed in queer costumes called dungarees, who started on their way for a brisk hike. Wishing to accompany this jolly group on the trek to Notch Reservoir, Alice climbed unnoticed into a knapsack which was being carried on the back of one of the girls. Finding the journey so pleasant, Alice, who had discovered that her new found companions were true lovers of the outdoors, was happy to find herself again in the company of a group of hikers. The day was Mountain Day, the destination Mt. Greylock. The days were now passing swiftly for Alice, who was beginning to enjoy this rugged life. Some days were spent in riding gaily through the air astride a fast moving arrow which the girls were directing toward a frequently miscalculated target. Other days it was bowling, swimming, or ping-pong. Alice even got a glimpse of the more serious life of these carefree students when she accompanied Marge and Thiby to the Fitchburg Conference. The exciting games of basketball proved too much for Alice, who decided that she could contribute best by supporting the cheering section on the sidelines. The County Fair with its fortune telling, games, dancing, and refreshments convinced Alice that even energetic Amazons enjoy entertainment. Play Day, which was enlivened by guest high school students, left Alice exhausted but happy. Alice awakened with a start and contemplated this strange dream in which she had found herself participating in the various activities of the Women's Athletic Association of State Teachers College. Closing her eyes again, she wished drowsily to return to that happy life. "After all there will be another year," she thought.

Moral: They who dream sports, sport dreams.

Newspaper Staff



Basketball Team



Wisdom While Whittling

Class: How we laughed as we labored together!

Pat Bates:

Give me the simple life.

Eleanor Berger:

You don't worry about your hair when your head is cut off.

Iris Cavazza:

It isn't possible! It can't be!

Nancy Estabrooks:

Education is wonderful, but some times I wonder!

Lu B. Light:

It shall be!

Midge Moran:

Whew! I made it!

Bev. Nichols:

You're always picking on me!

Midge Stockwell:

Let's go home!

Eleanor Thibodeau:

Yippee! ! No more exams!

Ruth C. Walsh:

A'm mahty glad it's ovah, Mam.

Margie Zimboski:

It's a great life if you don't weaken.

Autographs

Seniors

Bates, Patricia Anne	100 North Street	North Adams
Berger, Eleanor A.	17 Anthony Street	Adams
Cavazza, Iris O.	376 Church Street	North Adams
Estabrooks, Nancy B.		North Orange
Moran, Mildred D.	166 East Quincy Street	North Adams
Nichols, Beverly		New Ashford
Light, Lucille Brown	College Barracks, 11B	Williamstown
Stockwell, Marjorie G.	125 Bracewell Avenue	North Adams
Thibodeau, Eleanor M.		Griswoldville
Walsh, Ruth Chicoine	9 Chase Avenue	North Adams
Zimboski, Mary Margaret	Anderson Street	Great Barrington

Juniors

Black, Ethel M.	33 Shattuck Street	Greenfield
Chenail, Albert	20 Frederick Street	North Adams
Cleary, Marjorie	36 Marietta Street	North Adams
Colbert, Anne	35 Union Street	North Adams
Connors, Teresa E.	150 Summer Street	North Adams
Eastman, Marilyn A.	323 Silver Street	Greenfield
Gleason, Janice R.	R.F.D. North Adams	Clarksburg
Harris, Viola	Orchard Street	Adams
Harrington, Cornelius	29 High Street	North Adams
Jones, Rolland W.	Hancock Road	So. Williamstown
Marlowe, Doris	145 Pleasant Street	North Adams
Montgomery, Dorcas G.		E. Arlington, Vt.
Murtha, Beatrice	Hubbard Street	Lenox
Neyland, Margaret E.	133 Main Street	Williamstown
Taskin, Helen G.	45 Washington Avenue	North Adams
Toporowski, Theodore T.	Wells Road	Cheshire
Vivori, Arthur J.	55 Ivory Street	North Adams
Waidlich, Albena C.	58 Mineral Road	Millers Falls

Sophomores

Andrews, Phyliss		Savoy
Ashley, Constance	159 Pleasant Street	North Adams
Bosma, Alice	Brodie Mountain Farm	Lanesboro
Chicoine, Faith	123 Church Street	North Adams
Crosier, William	34 Maple Street	Dalton
Gagnier, Ronald	38 Bracewell Avenue	North Adams
Grande, Elizabeth	Goodrich Street	Stockbridge
Karrey, Frances	64 Charles Street	North Adams
LaFogg, Merlys	46 Fairview Avenue	Westfield
Lamarre, Virginia	43 Liberty Street	North Adams
Lindstrom, Pearl		Heath
Malloy, Carol	16 Quincy Street	North Adams
Martin, Mary	Housatonic Street	Lenox
Nichols, James	254 Eagle Street	North Adams
Sindermann, Carl	1533 Mass. Avenue	North Adams
Schlosstein, Ann	Main Street	Warren

Freshmen

Allen, Roy J.	35 Chase Avenue	North Adams
Baker, George	12 Marlborough Street	Lowell
Barnes, Philip C.	141 Bracewell Avenue	North Adams
Bartlett, Arthur	Gates Avenue	Clarksburg
Beaudin, Eunice	25 Lincoln Street	North Adams
Beeler, Love	172 Ocean Street	Lanesboro
Boguse, Frank	46 Front Street	North Adams
Boisvert, Stephen	459 State Road	North Adams
Brandt, Roberta	Hanover Street	West Hanover
Brewer, Claire	11 River Street	North Adams
Bringan, William	43 Leonard Street	North Adams
Brown, Goodwin	117 Church Street	North Adams
Burrington, Catherine		Heath
Butler, Brian C.	21 Strong Street	Pittsfield
Cardillo, Peter	149 Pleasant Street	North Adams
Carey, Margaret	31 Goodrich Street	North Adams
Cate, Marcia	416 Church Street	North Adams
Ciolkowski, Louis	22 Albert Street	Adams
Clark, Mary Louise		Holyoke
Clark, Vera Jean		Holyoke
Connors, Daniel	224 Washington Street	Taunton
Cramer, Rhoda R.	36 Royal Avenue	North Adams
Crosby, William D.	Lee Road	Lenox
Dean, Robert	75 Cady Street	North Adams
Del Debbio, Dorothy	225 State Street	North Adams
Desjarlais, Richard	68 Ducharme Avenue	Williamset
Dickinson, M. Elaine	North Street	Whately
Dorfman, Joy	59 Georgia Street	Roxbury
Dougherty, James	44 Cady Street	North Adams
Downey, Joseph	Beaver Street	North Adams
Evans, Edward	69 Frederick Street	North Adams
Fallon, Barbara	41 Holbrook Street	North Adams
Gazzaniga, William	19 Church Street	North Adams
Germanowski, Walter	25 Upton Street	Adams
Gould, Marjorie		Charlemont
Griffin, Jane	902 Front Street	Chicopee
Joseph, Joseph J.	128 Columbia Street	Adams
Kirby, Barbara	196 Eagle Street	North Adams
Klein, Paul	Goodrich Street	Stockbridge
Knechtel, Doris	71 North Summer Street	Adams
Komisar, B. Paul	378 Chicopee Street	Williamsett
Lamoreaux, Oscar	20 South Street	Taunton
Little, Arnold	23 Arnold Street	Williamstown
LaPlante, Paul	186 Howland Avenue	Adams
Linn, Nelson	119 Holmes Road	Pittsfield
Lopardo, Loretta	302 Walnut Street	North Adams
Markowsky, Elliot	39 Pomeroy Street	Allston
McCormick, Janet	37 Lexington Avenue	Holyoke
McCarty, Mary Jane	Cheshire Road	Pittsfield

MacPherson, Bernadette	8 Woodlawn Avenue	Springfield
Merrigan, John	10 Barlow Avenue	North Adams
Merritt, Merle		Assinippi
Miller, Francis	221 Ashland Street	North Adams
Minardi, William	42 Wales Street	Taunton
Morgan, Jane	15 Thomas Street	Williamstown
Morrison, Jeannie	Cold Spring Road	Williamstown
Murray, John	51 Brown Street	Pittsfield
Nagle, John	106 Pleasant Street	North Adams
Newell, Shirley	104 Springfield Street	Wilbraham
Neville, James	385 Eagle Street	North Adams
O'Brien, Mary Ellen	82 Park Avenue	North Adams
O'Hara, Jesse T.	P. O. Box 161	Canaan, Conn.
Ouimette, Walter	Summit Avenue	Adams
Parisien, Louis	1001 Union Street	North Adams
Patashnick, Edward	201 Eagle Street	North Adams
Pelc, Genevieve	59 Grove Street	Greenfield
Plumb, Sanford	156 Church Street	North Adams
Quinn, George	52 East Quincy Street	North Adams
Prince, Roger	60 Bradley Street	North Adams
Quirk, Edward	26 Grove Street	East Weymouth
Richardson, Walter	31 Fuller Street	North Adams
Rondeau, Leonard	49 Spring Street	Adams
Rosi, Joseph	48 Walker Street	North Adams
Rokowski, William	36 Bonner Street	Williamstown
Russell, James	7 Carson Avenue, RFD No. 1	North Adams
Roy, Donald	312 Walnut Street	North Adams
Scrivens, William	279 Houghton Street	North Adams
Siciliano, Mary Ann	77 River Street	North Adams
Slade, Robert	R.F.D. No. 1	North Adams
Smith, Charles	375 North Street	Pittsfield
Starrett, Emogene	259 High Street	Athol
Stuart, Roger	37 Livingston Avenue	Pittsfield
Sweeny, William	2 Hazel Terrace	Salem
Taylor, Claire	56 Gallup Street	North Adams
Taute, Edward	26 Vernon Street	North Adams
Vigneault, Leo	42 Chapman Street	Greenfield
Wallner, Carl	7 Laurel Street	Greenfield
Walsh, William	9 Chase Avenue	North Adams
Waterman, Howard	178 Prospect Street	North Adams
Woodward, Jean	32 Water Street	Shelburne Falls
Wysocki, Francis	North East St.	Amherst
Zaffino, Bruno	745 East Street	Pittsfield

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